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# KNAVE

VOLUME 13 NUMBER 10

**BARING  
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**ANNETTE  
JOHNSON**  
THE MATURE  
MODEL SUPREME

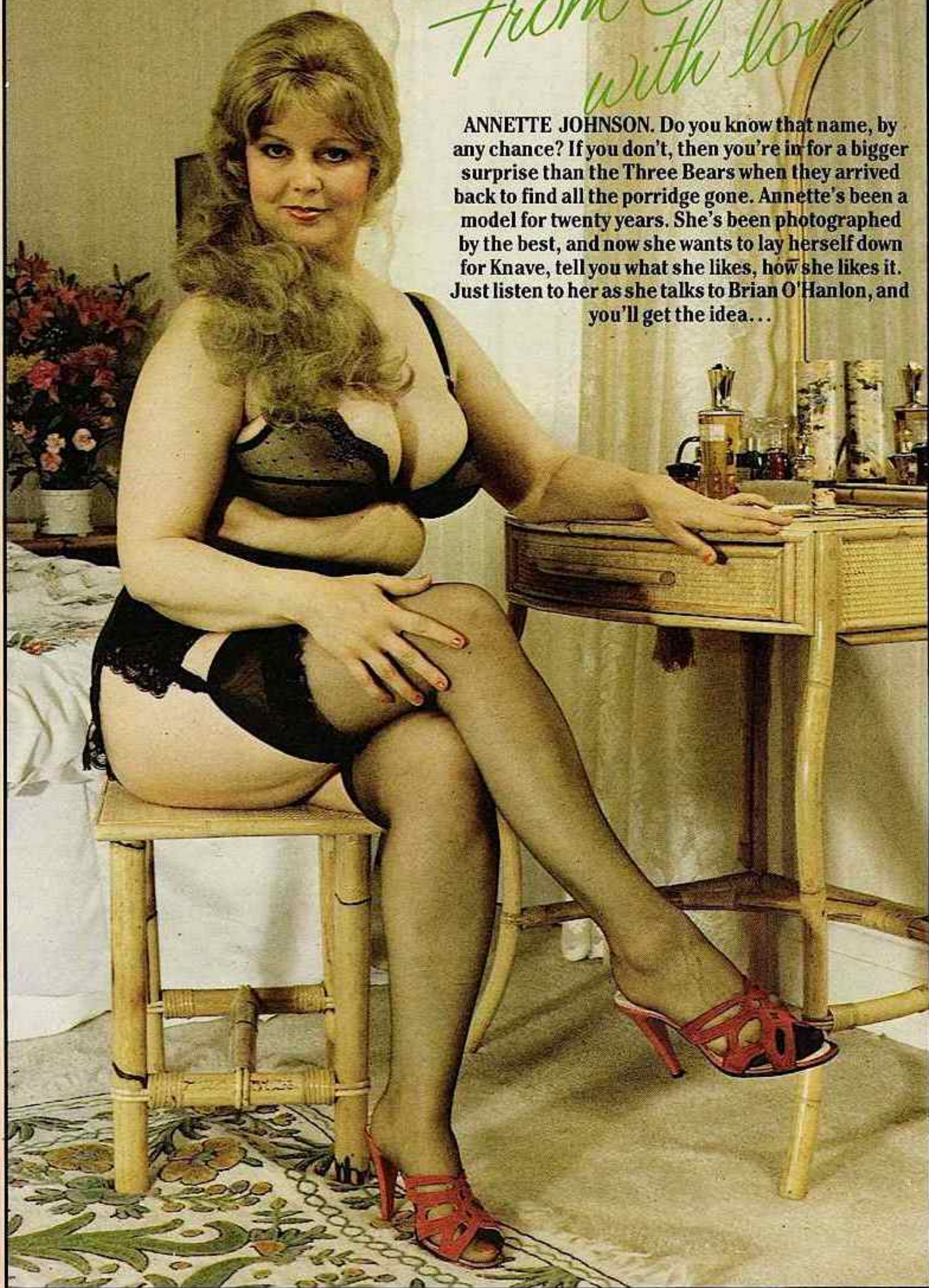
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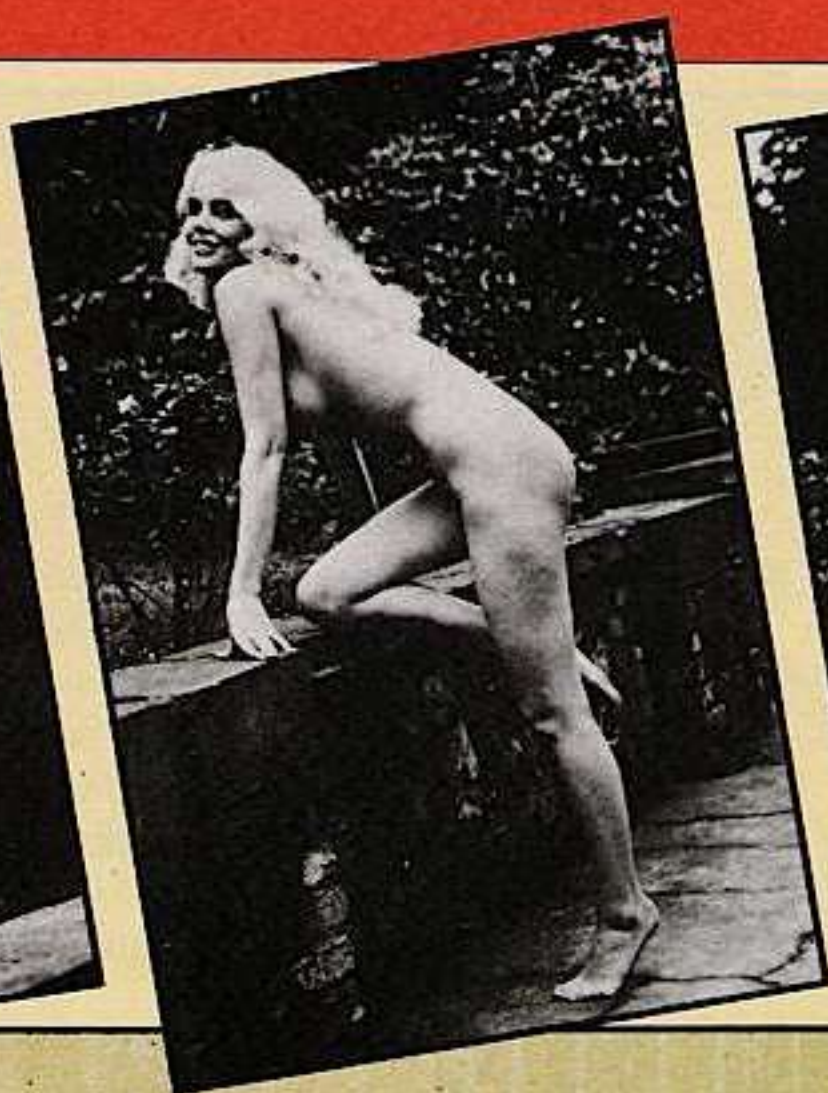
**PLUS THE  
BEAUTIFUL  
BEGINNER**



*From Annette  
with love*

**ANNETTE JOHNSON.** Do you know that name, by any chance? If you don't, then you're in for a bigger surprise than the Three Bears when they arrived back to find all the porridge gone. Annette's been a model for twenty years. She's been photographed by the best, and now she wants to lay herself down for Knave, tell you what she likes, how she likes it. Just listen to her as she talks to Brian O'Hanlon, and you'll get the idea...







KNAVE'S new columnist met me in a slinky, transparent, black negligee, gaping open at the front to reveal her generous contours, and asked if I'd like ham and salad, while Managing Editor, Dave Dimmock fussed about with the cork of the Macon bottle. The setting was somewhat bizarre. Around the grub table, piled high with succulent goodies, sat Dave, photographer Paul Diamond, Faith, the make-up lady, and the subject of the interview, Annette Johnson, the Dresden doll blonde with the peaches and cream complexion. Next month, her first column, appears in this magazine.

Annette was the highest paid model in England in the early sixties, for baring all in front of the camera. Then she disappeared, as top models do after their reign at the top of the tree. In the business where you're here today and very much gone tomorrow, no one said much when she was no longer seen around the London studios. "Must have got married . . .", "Didn't she go abroad . . .?" were the usual half hearted queries and responses when her name did crop up. But Annette had done none of those things. She had simply gone home to take care of her father, who was seriously ill.

The second part of the story is known by now to many readers of 'Knave' and its sister-magazine, 'Fiesta'. A couple of months ago Annette's pictures arrived on the Picture Editor's desk. "Annette Johnson?" said Dave Dimmock, turning them over with interest. "It can't be. She'd be nearly 40 by now". He showed the set to publisher Russell Gay, who was London's top glamour photographer

himself, in the 50s and 60s, before he went into publishing. "Yes, that's her, all right," he confirmed, "if you hang on until tomorrow I'll go to my old files and dig out some shots I did of her back in 1959".

'Fiesta' printed a 'Now and Then' sequence in a recent issue, and the readers' response was instant and overwhelming. Whole sackfuls of fanmail arrived in these offices for Annette. We contacted Annette and asked her if she would be interested in posing for 'Knave' some more. The results are on these pages. It was when we were finding out about her present way of life that we realized she wasn't, indeed, just a pretty face, as she spoke freely, and with North Country candour on every aspect of her career and boyfriend situations.

Which brings us to the point at which we came in, seated around the food table in the Galaxy studio during the lunchtime break, in the company of this gorgeous lady who is now 39 years of age—and doesn't mind admitting it—and with whom I have an hour all to myself before Paul picks up the camera again.

The others drift away from the table, leaving the two of us together. "Well, what's it feel like?", I ask her, waving my arms at the king-sized sexy bed behind us, surrounded by brilliantly hot studio lighting. She giggles and dimples, taking me back a bit to the early 60s, which is when we first met. "Smashing!" she retorts.

"Is Annette Johnson your real name?" I ask as she makes a beautiful job of eating a piece of smoked ham. It looks tasty.

"Annette is, but not Johnson", she says mysteriously.

"Then what made you call yourself 'Johnson'?"

"When I started modelling all the top girls had very ordinary sounding names, like Angela Jones, Pamela Green, and June Palmer. Well, Johnson sort of sounded just the same."

"When did you first start modelling?"

There's a moment's hesitation followed by a quick Confessional smile.

"Well, it sounds awful, doesn't it, but when I was 16!"

"What year was that?"

"I was born in 1942."

"How did it happen?"

"When I left school I went to work in a local shoe shop owned by a man who was also a keen amateur photographer. He had a flat and a little studio over the shop. I had never thought of having any photographs taken when he asked me if he could take some portraits of me. He did them and then asked if I'd do some figure work. I said I didn't know. There was nothing really wrong in it. I knew I had a good figure, so it didn't embarrass me at all. Anyway, I agreed, and the pictures turned out great. Then he suggested I started modelling professionally. My first paid job was posing before the local Camera Club in Urmston, just outside of Manchester. There were about 18 photographers there and I was absolutely terrified. I tried to smile but my lips sort of stuck together, I was *that* nervous. It was different doing it before a crowd of men I didn't know. Anyhow, they paid



me 2 guineas an hour, so I was now a professional."

"Tell me, what did your father think about your new job? Did you tell him?"

"Um, *no!* Well, not at first. I told my Mum. She didn't mind. She was rather proud of me, in fact."

"O.K., but how did Dad find out?"

"Through my little dog, Laddie. He was a real Heinz 57. A 'Bitser'; you know: part Spaniel, part Sealyham. He was playing in our lounge one evening and pulled out some magazines from under the wireless, where I had hidden my photographs out of Dad's way. Out they all came, and he saw them."

"What did he say to you?"

"He said 'What the hell are you playing at? You have no right to do this!' But my mother was on my side, and she told him she could see nothing wrong in it. Mind you, the young lads at the pit used to show him my photographs when they started appearing in magazines and newspapers. They'd pull his leg, but he started becoming rather proud of me, so he didn't mind then."

"When did you actually return home to look after him?"

"Eleven years ago, in 1970 when I was 28. I didn't do any more modelling until after he died, and then only a bit for local Camera Clubs to get some pin money after I started working in

The Co-Op full time."

"Talking of money. You were the highest paid model in the United Kingdom for a couple of years. When, exactly, would that have been?"

"In 1963, when I was 21, and I had made three films: *Naked World*, *Nine Ages Of Woman*, and *Strip Poker*. I was then living down here (in London) full time."

"Is your mother still alive?"

"No, she's dead, too."

"Are you married, or did you ever marry?"

"I have never been married, although I've been asked many times."

"Why didn't you marry? You moved in the beautiful business of photographers and models. Surely, you must have met some very handsome men, with whom you might have wanted to settle down?"

"Oh, yes! Many of them, but I always put my career first."

"Do you have a regular boyfriend at the moment?"

"No. Not really. I still see somebody that I've been going out with for 3½ years. We lived together for eighteen months."

"What went wrong? Doesn't he approve of your modelling again? Coming down here to London, for example, to do this session?"

"No. Not really. You see we're both extremely jealous of each other—he's very good looking. My trouble is that I'm very



possessive, and that spoils everything."

"Do you have a type, or a preference in men who turn you on?"

"Yes. They must either be very good looking or downright ordinary. I don't go for anything in between."

"Let's talk about sex...."

"Yes, let's!" Ms. Johnson collapses into a laughing heap.

"Do you enjoy it?"

"It's *smashing*!" That word again.

"Do you like wearing sexy underwear?"

"Yes I do. Very much indeed."

"Do you have a preference?"

"Black. I like black. It really turns me on."

"Do you wear sexy undies all the time?"

"I wear nothing in bed, and I don't wear expensive sexy sets and nylons at work. They'd get ruined."

I wonder why, but wonder to myself. Can life really be so hectic in the Co-Op?

"Over the years you must have had your fair share of letters from nutters and perverts. Do they upset you?"

"No. They either make me laugh or else I just feel sorry for them."

"Do you go out with any of the men who write and ask you to?"

"Sometimes. It all depends upon how the letter's written. If he seems a decent sort...."

"What happens when you say 'yes' to a





reader and turn up for the date?"

"They're generally *terrified*. They don't expect me to reply to their letters, let alone accept their invitation. They become very nervous and tongue-tied. I try and put them at their ease. But it's amazing how they keep their eyes on my face the whole time. As if I'm expecting them to mentally undress me in public."

"Tell me about some of the nutters."

"Oh! You know, the usual thing. They come off just writing to you, sometimes, and there was a bloke who used to buy the most erotic underwear and send it to me asking for me to be photographed wearing it, and then send it back to him."

My mind travels back through the years. I always think of the three of them; Pamela Green, June Palmer, and Annette. They were the trio who took Britain by storm when magazines began to publish nudes for the first time. Before that it either had to be clinically hygienic, i.e. *Health & Efficiency*, or else they were semi silhouette studio shots as used in the old style pocket publications like *Lilliput*. Towards the end of the 1950s *Spick and Span*, and other pocket magazines, full of figure studies by such photographers as Russell Gay, came to the fore. To be nude was to be slightly shocking, even then, and the mags sold like hot cakes. They were tame by today's full frontal standards — or lack of them. And then I remember the many aliases these girls used, especially for European publications. Pamela Green once dyed her blonde hair red, and Annette became 'Denise

Duke', 'Karen Fraser' and 'Anise Dietrich', in France and Germany.

We're talking about sex and marriage once more. The sort of man Annette can't stand "are the ones who put their hands on me and treat me like a blown-up doll." Has she ever really been in love?

"Well, when you're younger you fall in love all the time. There was this fella I really fancied. He looked like Richard Beymer in *West Side Story*. Absolutely gorgeous."

"Did you do anything about him?"

"I tried, but he didn't want to know."

"How do you feel when you get turned down?"

"I've always felt philosophical about it. I know I have a good face and figure and that men are obviously attracted to me. I mean, I wouldn't be here today, doing this, if they weren't, would I? I know that men must have fancied me in the same way I went for this man I'm talking about, but got nowhere too. I think it does you good to not get your own way the whole time. For any relationship to last beyond the purely physical side of it there must be something more under a pretty or handsome face and figure."

"Yet, Annette — and I'm sorry to bang on about the subject again — you've never felt what many would consider the normal urge to take a mate. To marry?"

"Well look. I've never wanted children so I don't see any point in being married."

"What has made you come out of retirement, so to speak. I know Knave asked you

to, but was that just the reason?"

"Brass is brass where I come from. I haven't been silly with the good money I earned during my top years. I own my own house out of that, for instance, but I can't pretend that working in the Co-Op compares with being in front of the camera. And that's no disrespect to the Co-Op. I'm very pleased to have a job these days and I want to take good care of it, but wouldn't you be flattered if you were asked to do something glamorous as well, and be paid for it?"

"I would be astounded."

Collapse into heaps of laughter by the Johnson party again.

"Do you live with anybody at the moment in your own house?"

"Yes. I've got a girlfriend sharing, but no man around the place. I collect brass lamps, and I have seven cats."

"Seven?"

"Yes. Candy, Fluffy, Impy, Elsa, the Burmese; Bimbo, Lindy, and Mr. Tibbs."

We're getting far too domestic. It's time to climb aboard the sex train again. Paul is setting up his lights for the afternoon's session. The wine glasses and plates are cleared away. The stage bulbs surrounding her dressing room mirror beckon on cue. Knave's new diarist sheds her negligee and makes an erotic business of walking towards the tiny changing room. "What are your measurements?" I call after her.

"38"-24"-37"?" she laughs.

"And what did you say about sex?"

"I said it's fantastic. The greatest thing since sliced bread!"



**IF YOU LIKE ANNETTE...**

Then there's much more of her next month, when she begins a monthly column in which her most erotic thoughts are coaxed to the surface, where she will listen and often respond to the demands of those who are crazy about her shape. Unfortunately she won't be able to enter into personal correspondence — letters can only be answered in the magazine. Send any to: — Annette Johnson, c/o Knave, Hermit Place, 252 Belsize Road, London NW6 4BT.



# Bonnie Luther



## KNAVE'S AMATEUR MODEL OF THE MONTH

If ever the word 'nubile' applied to a person, then surely Bonnie Luther deserves to wear it on her see-through blouse like a Congressional Medal of Honour. Maybe you don't think the blouse is all that transparent. But then she takes it off pretty quickly, so you see her breasts one way or the other.

Now, where was I? Ah, yes—*nubile*. Strictly speaking, the word means 'marriageable'. Well, Bonnie isn't married for sure. She says she's not expecting to for quite a while. Living with someone, getting the feel of a relationship is far more important. I agree, Bonnie. Just keep looking.









# ELSPETH

A lot of people strip nude without a murmur. They peel off their clothes like skin off fruit that needs to be consumed real quickly. But then again, others insist on certain conditions. I'd put Elspeth in the latter category, no hesitation. She wanted a dark surround. She wanted a red chaise longue. She wanted to keep her shoes on. All of these requests were honoured.

"It's not that I don't like my body. I do. I think it's a good body. I get a lot of pleasure out of it. I suppose I just want to look my best in front of admirers."

No problem there, Elspeth.

"I suppose a sense of mystery, you know, wanting to keep something back is kind of against the trend now, but I'd like to insist."

Difficult to argue with a woman who is already down to her white suspenders. Close your eyes, perhaps, and imagine those red stilettos walking up and down your spine, leaving marks.



Photographed by R. B. Kane









# G L I N A

When you see Gina dipping into her panties, (and you will) don't be misled into thinking that this here is a girl who doesn't know what she's got down there. Because she does. And by all accounts, she uses it intelligently too.

Gina's originally from Wisconsin, but she's over in our neighbourhood studying hard for some weird, unspecific degree at a university that she wasn't prepared to name either. I really pressed her for details of her body (ie., breast inches, things like that), but she was under the impression that visual evidence of her was sufficient. Her attitude was difficult to swallow. Why was she doing this then? "Let's just say I need the cash right now." The data wasn't coming. Like getting molasses from a geological substructure.



Photographed by R. K. Kaur













# Pippa

In case you're curious as to Pippa's whereabouts tonight, she's laid down a fabulous routine to which she adheres—scrupulously. I mean, nothing short of a major seismographic event would deter her from getting into a body temperature, pine-flavoured Radox bath at precisely 7.30 in the p.m. (You could set your watch by her—if she invited you in, no splashing).

She's a generous girl, physically (36-24-37) and in the disposal of these contours to those who know just how to whip them up into an interesting frenzy. So, sex being on the cards, as it were, I suggest that you gentlemen play your aces.







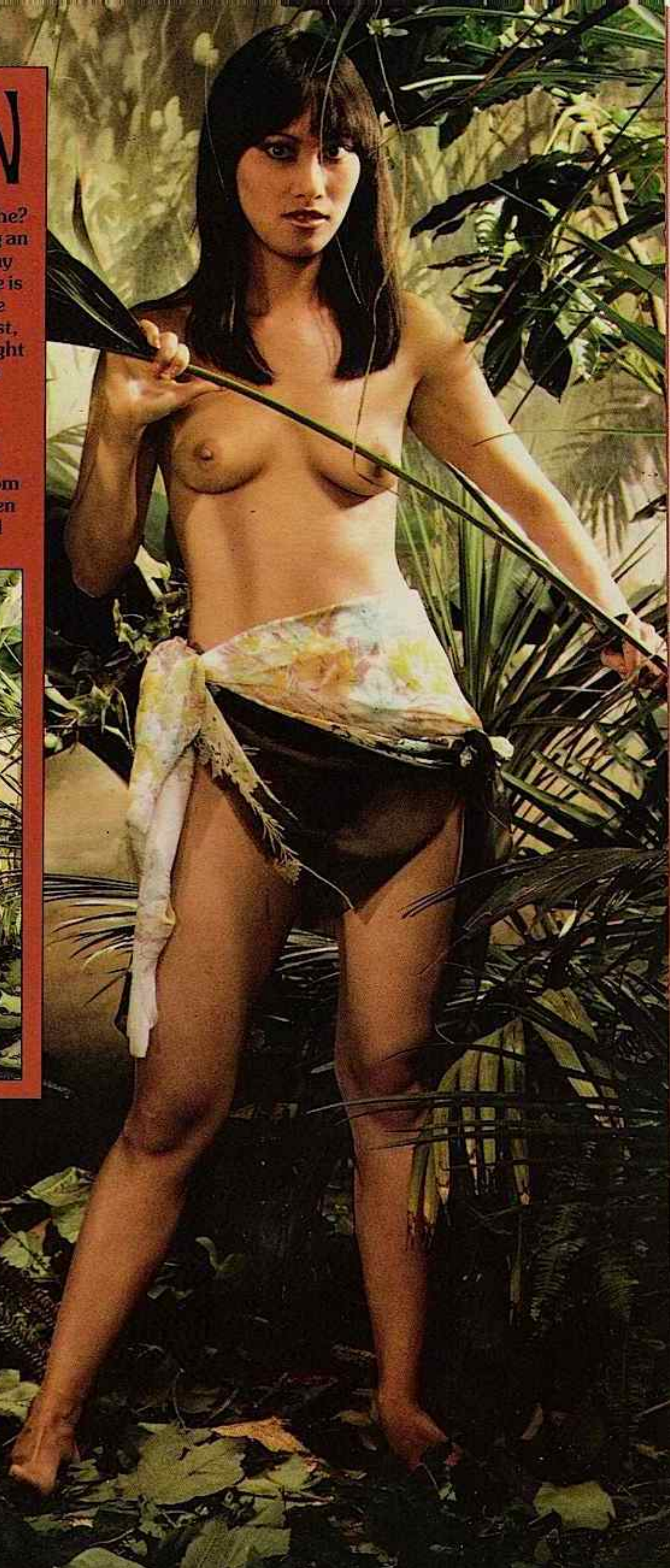


# SIEW LIEN

She takes your breath away, doesn't she? (Confidentially, I thought I was having an attack when Siew Lien's profile hit my in-tray for the first time). And a jungle is the place for her too. She makes the palms (foliated and anatomical) moist, dancing like that in a manner that might have compelled Charles Darwin to reconsider his findings on the Origin of Species. One glance at this serene spectacle is enough to convince you that she is thousands of years old, descended from tribal magic and yet also only eighteen and studying medicine at a Midland university. It all fits.



Photographed by David Paul









SIEW LIEN  
KNAVE  
MAGAZINE



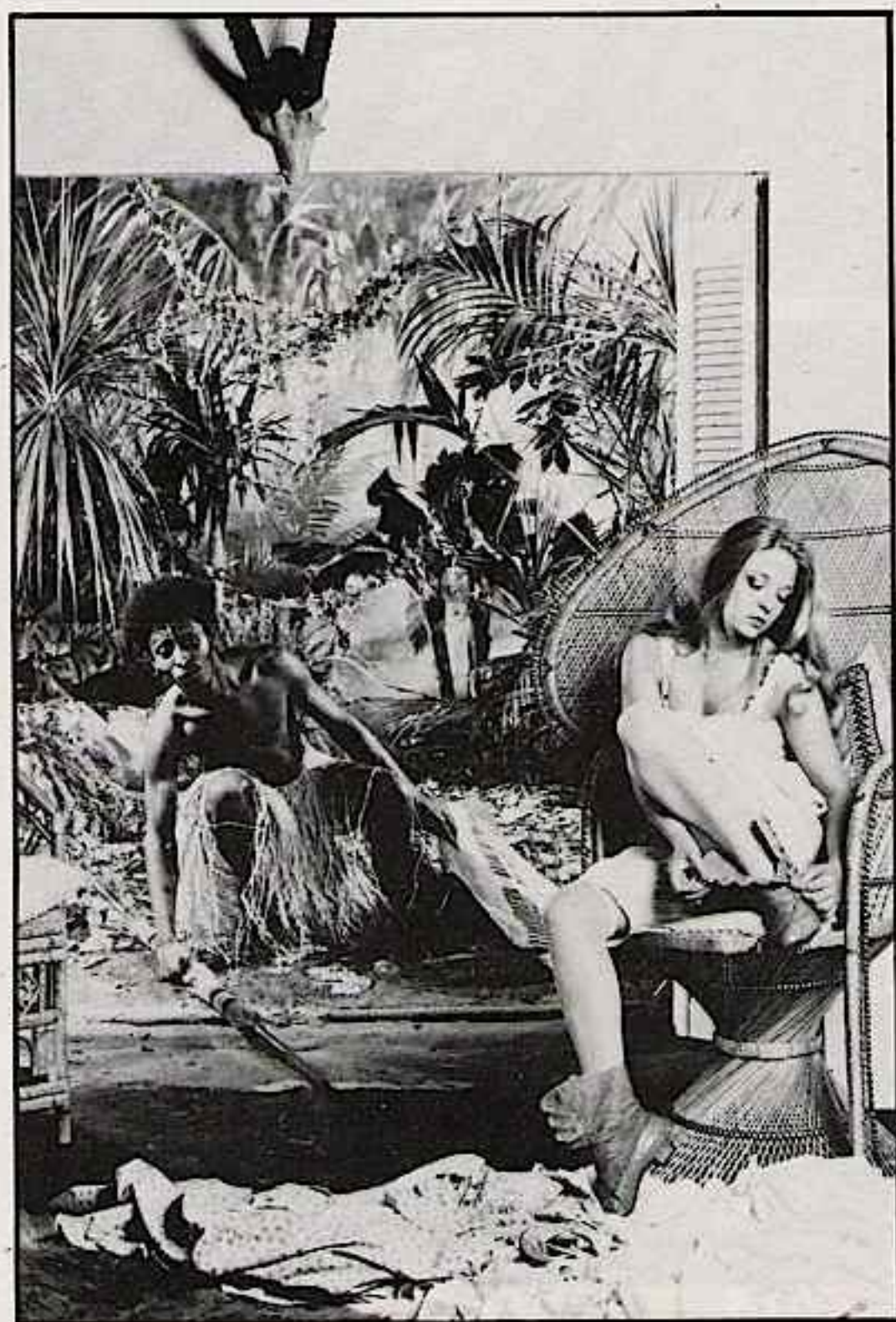
# The Lady Undresses

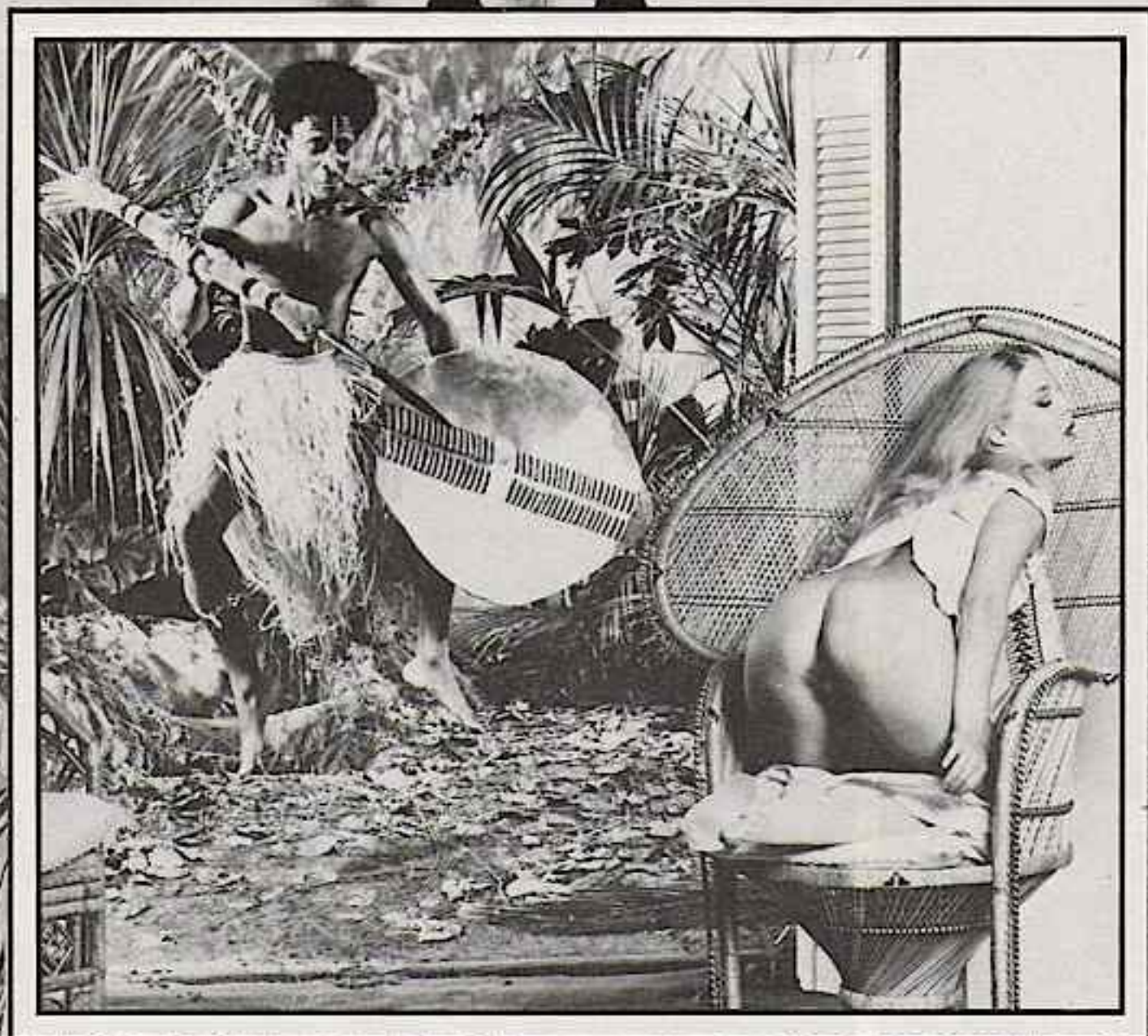
After a hot and sweaty day overseeing the tobacco plantation, the Colonel's wife is looking forward to dispensing with her sticky garments. Unbeknown to the fair lady, though, she is not unobserved.

Ombanungu, son of the local chief, has emerged from the steamy depths of the jungle, spear and



Exclusive photography by Lord Everest





shield in hand, grass skirt wafting gently in the breeze. Oblivious to his threatening presence, the Colonel's wife languorously undresses; dropping dress, petticoat, bloomers and boots to the floor.

Finally, Ombanungu can stand it no longer, and climbs through the window to claim his prize. Taken by surprise, the lady is astonished to find that this native does not restrict his tastes to grass skirts.

